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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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POETRY.

The Marriage Bell.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

'Tis sweet to hear those notes of fire,
Struck from the minstrel's burning lyre;
There is a joy that swells the soul,
When music charms "the flowing bowl"—
A pleasure in some well-known voice,
That bids the loneliest heart rejoice;
An ecstasy springs from song—
A rapture in the social throng!
But where's there an endearing spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell!

It falls upon the lover's ear
Like strains from some diviner sphere;
The tale it tells the young and gay,
Whose life hath been some summer's day—
Is coloured with a future bliss,
Too heavenly for a world like this!
It hath a soul-inspiring tone,
Which stirs the spirit sad and lone—
And sheds a lively influence round,
Wherever flies its merry sound!

It mellow down the lorn one's heart
To meet its fate, and bear the smart;
And waits the aged back once more
In fancy to those scenes of yore,
When early joys and feelings grew,
And vow to vow proved firm and true!
Yes, one and all, from youth to age,
From the unlettered to the sage,
Have felt that life hath not a spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell!

A Melting Adieu.

Farewell dear girl, farewell, farewell;
I ne'er shall love another!
In peace and comfort may you dwell,
And I'll go home to mother.

REFINEMENT.—The Adelphi (Indiana) Bulletin thus enumerates the polished phrases which have superseded ancient vulgarisms:

It is astonishing how refined people are getting in their phraseology now-a-days. "Don't crow till you are out of the woods," used to be said to a man who was sanguine of success;—he is now told that "it is unadvisable for a reasonable biped to exert his vocal powers in a boundless contiguity of shade." "Coming out at the little end of the horn," is now rendered "Emerging from the diminutive termination of the trumpet." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," is changed into "enumerate not your adolescent pullets, ere they have ceased to be oviform." Butter is called "the consolidated extract of a cow."

A lady steps into a store and inquires for "those tightners," (garters they used to be.) A boarding school Miss says that she is "Williamous," (bilious.) A dandy asks in a public house, for "chastised idiot brother," (whipped syllabub) failing to get which, he demands some "sacrificed-threshed indigent William;" (in vulgar parlance, roasted whip-poor-will.) "Caper sauce" is called "Elsler impudency;" and sweet potatoes "dulcet murphies." "Raising the Old Henry," or "the Old Nick," is more politely expressed by "elevating the ancient Henry," or "exalting the venerable Nicholas." Go it literature!

WESTERN WIT.—A Hoosier sold a neighbor a dog, which he recommended as first rate for raccoon hunting. Shortly after, the purchaser met his neighbor—

'I say, friend, this ere dog don't know a coon from a sheep.'

'You've tried him, ha?'

'Yes, and he aint worth a curse.'

'Well, I did'nt know exactly how that was but as he was'nt good for nothing else, I thought he must be the very devil after coons.'

The First Step in Crime.

No man becomes a villain in a day. Congenial as sin may be to the natural heart, and inclined as the wicked may be to the pursuits of vice, there is a first step in the path of every crime. At that point in the career of guilt the man would have shuddered at the thought of deeds which afterwards he performs without remorse. He never dreamed of the extremity to which one transgression would lead.

Several examples occur to mind just now. A young lawyer, with connexions of the highest respectability, and talents to secure for him an elevated rank in his profession, married a lovely woman and entered on life with the brightest prospects of success and happiness. The increasing expenses of a family demanded an increasing income, and as business did not advance as rapidly as he desired, in an evil hour he placed the names of some of his best friends to a note, and drew a sum of money from the bank. He promised himself that before it was due, he should be ready to meet it, and his crime would never be known. The note was renewed by forgery. It was an easy mode of raising money, and became easier the oftener he employed it. For a season he was successful, but when was dishonesty the best policy in the end?

His guilt was discovered. He fled from justice and was hunted through the woods in winter like a beast. His young wife woke almost in madness, to the consciousness that she was the wife of a felon. His retreat was cut off. He was arrested, but escaped again.

He flew to the chamber of his wife. The embrace was short and full of agony. He wept, and she wrung her hands, but uttered no reproach. She loved him too much even in his shame. He must fly again. He did fly, and was again arrested and brought to trial. The case was a plain one; there was no defence; there could be none, he was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of years. His measure of infamy was full. Now and then an old acquaintance looked in upon his cell, where he pursued his solitary toil, but he never looked up. They said he was pining away, and they made an effort procure his pardon and release. But death was before them and he went from prison to judgment.

I went into the hospital of the Prison at Sing Sing, some years ago, and there lay in the last struggles of life a man of fine form and noble countenance. He was raving in delirium and soon died mad. I asked his name and history, and found that he was a young lawyer from the city of New York, who had begun his course of crime by stealing paltry articles of clothing from his associates; soon he laid his hands on money; and by and by he was detected when far advanced in guilt. His end I have just mentioned. He was a child of luxury, and had never known want. And when he lay dying in that prison hospital cut off from the tenderness and sympathy that would have softened a death bed in the house of parental love, I thought how truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A clerk in a store, a teller in a bank, an agent in his office, constantly handling the money of others, is tempted to apply a little to his own use, with the promise made to himself that he will restore it, and speedily. But he finds it easier to borrow than to pay, when no one calls him to an account. The more he takes the more he wants to take. He begins a course of extravagance, and falls into sins that require money to secure the indulgence. He speculates, in hopes of paying all back at once; every plunge increases his embarrassments; his guilt breaks out; he flies from justice, a lost self-ruined man. What to him are the arrows that have pierced the fond hearts of too confiding friends. He planted those arrows, but can never draw them.

Now there was a time when that man was what the world calls virtuous. He would have trembled at the thought of crime; and he did tremble and turn pale when he committed his first offence. It disturbed his sleep that night, and when he met his employer the next morning, he thought he was suspected and trembled again. But that step taken, the next was easy.

A GOOD TOAST.—Col. Stone of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, gave the following toast at the Editorial dinner in Washington, on the 4th of March: "The members of our profession; the first in requisition in the hour of trouble, the first forgotten in hour of triumph." A contemporary justly remarks, how true is it that those who have done the druggery of party, and lent all their might, mind, and strength for its support, are when that party becomes triumphant, least thought of, and soonest forgotten.

An old man as he walks looks down and thinks of the past; a young man looks forward and thinks of the future; a child looks every where and thinks of nothing.

ATTENTIVE.—"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman 't'other day in the presence of several ladies. "That accounts for her attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking, that.

Webster's Reply to Hayne.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas relates an anecdote in relation to the celebrated reply of Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne that has never before been published. At the time Mr. Hayne made his attack, Mr. Gales of the National Intelligencer, who has been the most accomplished reporter in the country, chanced to be in the Capitol. Hearing that Mr. Webster intended to reply, and being told by him that it would be a short one, he undertook once more his long neglected vocation of a reporter. Instead, however, of consuming about half an hour, as Mr. Webster had promised in the commencement, as is well known, the Senate adjourned before he had finished—Mr. Gales continued to take note of every word, in the momentary expectation of his concluding.

Unwilling to leave off before Mr. Webster had finished, Mr. Gales continued the next day until he had concluded. But when he came to look at the notes, the magnitude of the task that it would be to write them out, appeared so formidable, that he shrunk from it as an impossibility with the many other engagements that occupied his time.

Soon after, Mr. Webster called upon Mr. Gales to request a report of his speech, as it was impossible for the former to give any thing beyond a mere sketch, having spoken unpreparedly, and to much greater length than he had any expectation of doing when he began. Mr. Gales expressing his utter inability to comply, his lady, who had been in the habit of assisting her husband in reading his notes when a reporter, undertook the task, and in the course of a week Mr. Gales submitted to Mr. Webster a full report of his speech in the hand-writing of his wife. It will be remembered that the speech of Mr. Webster was not published until after a delay of several weeks. It was owing to these circumstances. Mr. Gales has now in his possession the notes, handsomely bound.

It is stated that Mr. Webster did not change five words in the whole report. This is one of a very few instances on record, in which we have a master-piece of eloquence, taken down as it fell from the lips of the speaker.

Prayer after Shipwreck.

The following affecting incident is detailed in a letter from one of the Sandwich Island Missionaries, to Rev. Dr. Armstrong agent of the Board of Foreign Missions and published in the N. Y. Commercial:

"About the time of our leaving home, a sorrowful providence occurred. The brethren at Honolulu, fearing that we should not venture upon a canoe, engaged a vessel, which was to go to Hawaii for Mr. Lyons, and to call on its return and take us. The vessel made its passage to Hawaii, and when near its place of destination was capsized, and lost. All on board, consisting of thirty souls, were drowned except four. These seemed to be miraculously preserved to tell the sad tale of the fate of their companions.

When the accident occurred they were near the shore, but the wind and current was against them, and thinking it vain to attempt to reach Hawaii, they congregated themselves upon the rolling billows, and there together in their distress offered up their supplications to Him who alone could preserve them from the threatening deep.

They attempted to swim to Kahoolula, some thirty miles on the opposite side of the Channel. One man and his wife took a covered bucket and tied it to their bodies, and in this way swam until the bucket came to pieces. The female swam for some time, but on turning she saw her husband becoming too weak to support himself. She stopped and rubbed him until he could proceed. They went on until Kahoolula was full in sight; he then became too weak to proceed without assistance, and supported himself by holding to the long hair of his wife's head. In this way she towed him for some time; his hand soon let go the hold and she tried in vain to arouse him. She told him he must pray—he commenced, but only uttered a few words.

She put his arms around her neck—held him with one hand and made for the shore. When within about half a mile from the shore, she found he was dead, and she was compelled to let go her hold to support herself. They had then been in the water about thirty hours. When she landed she was three days before she saw a human being, and was without food. At length some fishermen found her, and conveyed her to the village, where she is now in good health. The captain of the vessel was a foreigner, and could swim but little, his wife saved herself by the assistance of an oar. The others disappeared from time to time until all perished but the four."

"My uncle was one of the framers of the Constitution," said a youth the other day of a politician blood to another of a more plebeian origin. "Who cares for that?" quoth the latter, "my father was one of the framers of the new meeting house."

USEFUL RECEIPTS: Remedy for Cattle When Choked by Roots and Other Substances.

A distinguished farmer gives the following account of a remedy for cattle when choked. He says, "I have used a rope about six feet in length, which being well tarred and served, (strongly wound round with twine,) and when finished to be one inch in diameter. When put down the throat it should be pushed gently four feet and a half into a cow or ox. In cold weather it is stiff enough, but in warm weather it should be wet with cold water before it is used." He says he has never known this to fail of producing the desired effect.—Complete Farmer.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame is clearer, and the tallow will not "run."

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woolen cloth and sweet oil; then washed with warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first, after it has become heated to the heat, it is not as likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put new earthen ware into cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils, then cool again. Brown earthen ware, in particular, may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran put in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens. Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.

Suet keeps all the year round, if chopped and packed down in a stone jar covered, with molasses.

Barley straw is the best for beds; dry corn husks slit into threads are better than straw.

When molasses is used for cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it; it takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is used much for cooking it is well to prepare 1 or 2 gallons at a time.

An Old Newspaper.

There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind—where are the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages?—where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, the bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas! their names are now only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes! They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more to be seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our forefathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us?

VALUE OF ASHES.—Professor Jackson, in one of his lectures in Boston, in illustrating the manner in which soils might be rendered fertile, said that—"a farm within his knowledge, which was blowing sand, a pine barren, and almost hopeless, on which ten bushels of corn to an acre could scarcely be grown, by the judicious application of ashes, had been made to produce forty or fifty bushels to the acre." We do not question the correctness of Dr. Jackson's statements. Our observation has convinced us that on sandy soils, with the exception of clay marl, there is nothing more beneficial in the application to such soils than ashes; and very fortunately, unless uncommon quantities of acid exist in such soils, leached ashes are nearly as beneficial as unleached ones. Ashes do what lime cannot, they render the soil more tenacious of moisture, and although their action is not as prompt or efficient on cold sour soils, they are for the reason assigned considered as valuable on light sandy ones. Of this fact the farmers on the light soils of Long Island and New Jersey are well aware, and in the gathering and application of ashes, find a certain source of profit.

The excess of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest.

AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF A FAMILY.—Bill Simpson, after taking a severe curtain lecture from Mrs. Simpson one day, told her he was so confoundedly sick of her perpetual scolding, that he believed he must lie down and try to get a little repose.

"Repose! Mr. Simpson! (jumping up and pacing the floor,) why, as I live, every limb in my body is fast asleep at this moment, and yet I keep up."

"Every limb fast asleep, did you say, my dear?" (Looking up in amazement.)

"Every—every one, Mr. Simpson! arms, legs—do you dispute my word, sir? Dare you say—?" (Looking daggers.)

"Oh, I say nothing, my dear—I would not for the world—but as this is a free country I ask leave to think—?" (looking as if asking a boon.)

"Think what, Mr. Simpson?" (coloring and stopping before him.)

"That there is one member of yours, my dear, that—"

"You don't mean to insinuate, Mr. Simpson, that my—my—this tongue of mine is not early asleep, Mr. Simpson, you don't—"

"No, my dear, I say no such thing; I think, however, it is the first member of the family that is awake and moving in the morning." (Mr. Simpson makes up stairs, and Mrs. Simpson falls into a chair and sobs dreadfully.)—Claremont Eagle.

"STATIONARY."—An officer in Mississippi, charges the State with two quarts of brandy, under the head of "quills, ink, and stationary." Although he may not have fully carried out the measures of the government, he makes some empty pretensions at least. In early times in Missouri, when the people were not so enlightened as at present, the members of the Legislature, and other officers at the capital, asked to charge their grog bills to the State, under the head of "lights and fuel."

'Pa—is dogs got wings?
'Wings!—no child—don't you know better than that?'

'Why, thunder and scissers' Pa—this ere newspaper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him—so I guess dogs is got wings, too.'

'Why—hem! Tom, you see—hem!—go to your breakfast, you little rascal.'—R. Star.

Ladies who cultivate flowers will gratefully receive the following recipe for destroying a very troublesome reptile. It is taken from Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture:

Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply watering the soil with lime-water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime, weighing about two pounds, into a pail of water; when the whole is slackened and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pots should be liberally watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises, by crawling out upon the surface, when they may be taken out and destroyed. If any remain, another watering can be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

CURE FOR THE BLACK TONGUE.—If your horse has the disease called the 'Black Tongue,' take a handful of fine salt and rub it faithfully upon his tongue once or twice, and this operation will cure it in about every case.—[Maine Cultivator.

Singular Fishing.

On Wednesday the 30th ult. a Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Cameron, Tontine Hotel, Prebles, captured a fine salmon in the Tweed, in the following singular manner.—(Hector, for such is the dog's name) is exceedingly fond of the water; so much so, that whenever he gets loose from the chain, he is off to the river, and with the greatest industry brings to land all the drift wood, &c. floating down the stream. On Wednesday the 30th ult. while thus employed, he was observed by some boys to dive suddenly under the water, where he remained entirely out of sight for about half a minute. When he rose again to the surface he had a salmon in his mouth, which was struggling violently to escape; but he held it fast in his capacious jaws, and brought it safe to land, and would on no account quit his prize, until he carried it safe home to his master. The fish was of the real salmon tribe, and weighed about four pounds.—Scotsman.

The beggar in his shroud inspires more awe than the monarch on his throne.